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THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913.

The California Case.

We are surprised that the President's
information was not sufficiently full
and accurate to prevent him from making
the obvious error of accepting the
resignation of District Attorney Mc-
Nab, and instructing the Attorney Gen-
eral to bring the cases of Caminetti
and Diggs and the Western Fuel Com-
pany to prompt trial.

Mr. McNab's statement reaches the
apparently simple conclusion that it
was either right or wrong to postpone
these cases, and nothing has occurred
to alter this situation, though recent oc-
currences seem likely to alter the ex-
treme in which several of those con-
cerned are held by the American peo-
ple. We hope that there is more to be
said on the other side than we have
yet heard.

Freedom of Judges.

The courts are doing much these
days to impress upon the people that a
judge is a judge only when he is on
the bench.

Dignity and strict morality always
are commendable, but why a jurist
should wear his ermine is being
declared by the courts as unreasonable
as that a surveyor always should be
accompanied by his table of logarithms.

The judges of the country may hail
with satisfaction the recent decision
of the Missouri Court of Appeals, in
which it is held that a justice of the
peace has all the rights of a layman in
private. A Federal judge in Alabama
also holds that a judge is only a judge
while performing official duties.

Judges must chafe at the restraint
under which they are placed. They
likely will welcome the day allowing
them the latitude to which the man in
other walks of life is entitled.

Victory Is Near.

The determination of The Washing-
ton Herald to put before our law-
makers the necessity of enacting legis-
lation to put an end to the carrying
of pistols in the National Capital seems
likely to be crowned with success in
the very near future.

Starting at a time when the whole
District was shuddering at the tragedy
in which a man shot his wife and him-
self to death, The Washington Herald
showed the needlessness of opportunity
for such crimes. Since then there have
been other horrible examples to prove
that society is constantly endangered
by persons whose malice or insanity
would be impotent if they were rea-
sonably restrained from license to ob-
tain and carry lethal weapons.

In this campaign The Washington
Herald has gained the support of the
Commissioners, of members of Con-
gress, of an afternoon contemporary,
and, most powerful and valuable of all,
of awakened public sentiment. It is
safe to predict that Congress will re-
spond to this concerted appeal for se-
curity of life in the National Capital.

Old Rugs vs. Old Paintings.

We believe in customs duties upon
luxuries, and the only exception we
would make is where certain articles
are luxuries because of their rare beau-
ty which, being appreciated, makes
them valuable. With one exception
such articles now enter the United
States free of duty if a certain age
can be proved for them.

The single exception is rugs of
Oriental make, which pay a high duty,
both ad valorem and specific. To one
at all familiar with the appearance of
an Oriental rug more than 100 years
old, or to a person with even a little
artistic appreciation, the idea that the
value of such a rug lies in its usefu-
lness as a floor covering in competition
with the products of domestic looms, is
simply ludicrous. Appreciation of the
beauties of color and design and weave
in old rugs is rather a new develop-
ment in this country, but the soaring
values of rare old rugs testify to the
rapidity of its growth.

Why lovers of old rugs should not
have the same privilege of bringing
in their finds as collectors of old paint-
ings can do, we cannot see. The only ex-
planation that occurs to us is that per-
haps there is less organization for self-
protection among artists of the brush
than among owners of rug factories.
Surely the latter will not claim to ap-
proach the old masters of rug weav-
ing so nearly as do our modern paint-
ers in either imitative ability or origi-
nality. Why should not old rugs be on
the free list?

Today's Practice, Tomorrow's Ethics.

"Bedrock," advertising in The Wash-
ington Herald, seeks "A lawyer—not
too technically ethical, just humanly
honorable."

The little "ad," whose ultimate re-
sults it would be edifying to know,
suggests many lines of speculative
thought. "Bedrock," it may be fancied,
is a solid man of business, himself
"humanly honorable," whose experience
of the law's delay is intimately as-
sociated with, perhaps actually, the effect
of "technical ethics." His affairs need-
ful of the services of the humanly hon-
orable attorney may be anything from a
simple transfer of property to a
delicate point of corporation law.

But the vast realm of imagination
opened up by "Bedrock's" want is the
frank disclaimer of respect for ethics.
Not only every profession, but practi-
cally every business of today has its
ethics. The merchant and the banker
have their codes of ethics, in the main
unwritten, whereby they regulate nice
points of conduct to which the ordinary
measurements of honesty are not ef-
fectively applicable. In business such
codes can hardly be said to be com-
posed of technicalities; yet, for all
that, they are merely answers to ques-
tions of taste and propriety underlying
the mutual respect which rivals and
competitors, be they friendly or hos-
tile, must maintain.

The criticism of such "practical"
ethics has been almost without excep-
tion favorable. The ethics of the busi-
ness man is not "technical" to the popu-
lar mind; such ethics can be under-
stood of the people. Yet the business
man's ethics is technical to the extent
that it is based upon the business man's
technical knowledge or practice.

The ethics of the learned professions
is hardly more technical to those un-
derstanding the purposes of the codes.
Each rule of the ethical codes was cre-
ated by some need for it. As the need
for such a rule disappears, the rule it-
self will disappear. Since professional
ethics is a code of personal conduct,
it cannot be abrogated by a single act,
its rules slowly follow dying needs by
which they were created. So, today
there exist ethical rules founded upon
needs which came into being long ago
and are perhaps now moribund. It
is not to be wondered at, however, that
men of the law, to whom the power of
precedent and established authority
looms so large, should hold themselves
close to their professional codes, even
where their mandates may be wholly
technical.

With all sympathy for "Bedrock" in
whatever harassments technicalities
have caused him, we must reflect that
the lawyer's ethics exists as much for
his client as for his own benefit.

Speaking of divers and sundry civil
things: The "rider" is in the saddle but
we have no confidence in the mount and
are fearful about the destination, even
while admiring the "horseman'ship."

"The horseman'ship," read "explanation."
If the Senate Finance Committee has
in mind raising any fabulous sum by its
income tax discrimination against the
bachelor it will find itself very much in
error. When the income tax details are
made up it will be discovered that of all
the classes of the masses the bachelor
has the least to contribute.

President Wilson must have a keen
sense of humor. He says the members
of the Banking and Currency Committee
have consulted him.

It would appear that California has
other perils than the Japs.

A scientist says an acre of land may
contain fifty tons of worms. But not
when you are getting ready to go fish-
ing.

Every man knows he could do a better
job than the love-making scenes that
are put on in the moving picture show.

They never throw old shoes at a bride
in Chicago. A Chicago shoe is classed
as a deadly weapon.

It is said that the President wants to
make Washington a model city, but a lot
of us have been thinking it was that al-
ready.

The price of steak went up 2 cents
a pound in Chicago the other day. Tough,
isn't it?

Garrett P. Service's statement that the
sun will cool off in 90,000,000 years will be
poor consolation to the people of Cin-
cinnati, where there is an ice famine.

If Wall Street wants to defeat the cur-
rency bill it should make the country
believe it is in favor of it.

Grape juice has been introduced into
Kentucky. Mothers threaten to give it
to their children if they are naughty.

We suppose that in a couple of hun-
dred years from now there will be a
society of descendants of those who came
over in the Imperator.

Germany's new battleship, which re-
fuses to be launched, may think it is a
fort.

Anyhow, Virginia can't read the Dis-
trict of Columbia any lectures on the
horrors of shooting up a court room.

Col. Roosevelt says he wants the best
man for Mayor of New York. Thanks,
awfully; but it happens that we do not
live in New York.

Gov. Sulzer says Sing Sing prison should
be abolished. That ought to make him
lots of votes in Manhattan.

"Fairbanks Pleads for Party Har-
mony," says a headline. Fairbanks?
Hum! Where have we heard that name
before?

"WHOSOEVER PASSES HERE MUST FIRST SALUTE THIS BANNER"



A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A LIMITED SELECTION.
My friend would wed, and I am not
inclined to buy a coffee pot.

I know I'd feel just like a lion
To go and buy a berry spoon.

I must admit I do not wish
To give my friend a pickle dish.

Look the list over. As I live,
There's really nothing else to give!

Taking No Chances.
"I see," said the editor of the New
York Whang, "that some half-baked
scientist scheduled the end of the world
for next Saturday."

"Yes, yes," said the star reporter. "I've
got the story all ready. It won't hap-
pen."

"Better write up the other side, though.
If it does happen, we don't want to get
scorched."

A Mean Snip.
"What's the matter?"
"What's the matter?" Wombat says I'm
the worst liar in town."

"Don't be discouraged. You may be
the worst now, but anybody who keeps
it as persistently as you do is apt
to become a pretty good liar in time."

Neighboring Chat.
"What kind of a housewife is Mrs.
Gadaway?"

"Well, I've heard a housewife whisper
to the effect that her husband darna his
own socks."

Everything High.
While paper is so very high
That magazines are giving
Much less attention, by the by,
Unto the cost of living.

A Boy's Wants.
"Man wants but little here below."
"It's different with a boy. He wants
a mandolin, a pistol, a razor, a false
mustache, a hull pup, a magic lantern,
a detective's tin badge, a motor cycle,
a mud turtle, a fiddle, a printing press,
a stamp album, a toy chest, a goat,
a telescope, a time rail, a camera, a squirt
gun, a baseball suit, and a pair of roller
skates."

Two Views.
The senior partner was talking to the
junior partner.

"I notice the bookkeeper stays after of-
fice hours every evening."

"Good sign. He's willing to work."

"Bad sign. Must be monkeying with
the books."

June Jottings.
One girl who graduated in a dollar
gown wore \$5 worth of orchids.

THE OPEN FORUM

"Will Carry Their Own Nations."
To the Editor: Your editorial, "Uncle
Sam Parsonious," can be indorsed by
every veteran. Fifty years ago we met
at Bull Run, one wearing the blue, the
other the gray. We intend to go to
Gettysburg if we have to walk and carry
our rifles in haversacks.

Then we were fighting under two flags.
Now we will march together under the
Stars and Stripes. Respectfully,
R. R. DETTON,
Eighty Penna. Cavalry, U. S. A.
L. C. RAMSEY,
First Georgia Vol., U. S. A.

THE PATRIOT!
The patriot kept all self
Is bent on his own end.
But ever on the field or in
Supports at once his country's flag.

The patriot knows not sound good,
But only his work in doing good.
And ever takes immediate stand
For God and truth and native land.

The patriot has built all lands
From article seven to article eight,
And by his blood on mount or sea
Preserves our homes and liberty.

The patriot, by day or night,
Is ready for his land to fight.
A soldier of the greatest type
Who holds aloft the Stars and Stripes.

—JOHN A. STOTCH.

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

By FRED C. KELLY

Everybody knows the Landis boys. Fred
and Charles K. Landis each served in
Congress. Kenneth Landis is the judge
who administered the \$2,000,000 fine to the
Standard Oil Company, and still another
brother is a successful physician. For-
mer Congressman Charles K. Landis,
while visiting in Washington the other
day, was telling about the sudden stroke
of good fortune that enabled him and his
brothers to get their start in life.

The four brothers grew up on a farm
in Indiana. Besides the boys there were
two more horses. It took every cent the
boys' father could scrape together and all
the farm could produce to feed the
two horses. Each day was a period of
struggle to keep the wolf off the door-
step. The boys dreamed of going to col-
lege and growing up to be great men, but
there was no chance. By the time the
horses were provided for and the ordi-
nary little repairs kept up about the farm,
there was no money left.

But one day fortune extended her
golden wand, and the Landis boys' fu-
ture was assured. One of the horses
died!

After that there was more to go around,
for there was only one horse to feed.
Things rapidly took on a brighter hue.
Soon there was money to provide the
boys with a proper education.

They shudder, though, even yet, when
they think of what might have happened
to them if that horse had lived.

When it comes to writing letters back
home, Senator Harry Lane of Oregon is
right at his best. He is the champion
fancy epistolographer of the upper
branch of Congress, and his every day
letters are as full of flowers and pur-
pling brocade as a speech by J. Ham Lewis.

Lane has an idea that a routine letter
is insulting and stupid. A man writes
to his Senator and he expects an an-
swer to it—an answer to that particular
letter, not merely an answer to the gen-
eral group of letters into which it may
fall. For that reason no form 22A or
any other form letter goes out from Lane's
office. Every letter is sufficient unto
itself—a thing apart from the others. He
dictates them with infinite care, and if
the letter is particularly important, he
first prepares voluminous notes with his
own hands. In any event, the letter is
certain to be ornate with much floral
phrasing.

Routine letters may do for Eastern
people, where greater formality prevails,
says Lane, but the folks out here are
entitled to individual letters, no two
alike, and containing real language. Al-
most any letter from Harry Lane con-
tains verbal flowers worth pressing and
putting away in a plush album. Even
if it's only about a little hick post-
office appointment, he writes a billet
that sounds as if it meant to have been
intended for a preface to a description
of a sunset.

All these horticulturally phrased let-
ters mean extra work, and Harry Lane
is obliged to be at his office soon after
7:30 o'clock in the morning. The con-
templation of the joy and gladness and
sunshine and epistolary art he is dis-
tressing throughout the State of Oregon
—that is his reward.

When he first became Vice President,
Thomas Riley Marshall felt rather flattered
at the number of comparative
strangers over the country who wrote
and asked him for his photograph. He
autographed attached. He tried to oblige
one and all. But the other day he went
over the books and found that his photo-
graph bill had averaged about \$6 a
month, which is too much for a man
trying to live within his salary. Marshall
was reminded of the first time he had
his picture taken back in his home town
in Indiana. They were "cabinets," and
cost \$3 a dozen, which seemed to Mar-
shall the same of luxury, because he
didn't actually need the pictures. The
idea of anybody ever paying any more
than that for a dozen photographs would
have seemed preposterous.

The trouble with people who write to
the President, the Vice President, and
other celebrities for autographed pic-
tures is that they do not stop to think
that the men have to go down to their
pockets and buy the photographs. The
government doesn't provide such things,
and the photographer doesn't take pic-
tures, even of celebrities, for mere phys-
ical culture motives.

So Marshall will have to be less of a
good fellow and just send his picture to
those who, in sworn statement, will
agree to have it framed and hung over
the mantelpiece with catfish and pea-
cock feathers over it.

The late Chief Justice Fuller, of the
United States Supreme Court, was fond
of reading frivolous literature to relieve
the tedium of his work. One afternoon
he was walking up Pennsylvania Avenue
with Justice White, now Chief Justice,
and paused to look at some paper back
novels.

"Which do you like best—the 5 or 10
cent ones?" asked White.

"Oh, the 5-cent ones," replied Fuller,
"with the utmost seriousness. 'They go
to the killing sooner.'"

Senator Culberson of Texas when he
has anything important to communicate
likes to send it in his own handwriting—
a jerky, nervous little handwriting that is
unmistakable.

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served.)

LOOKING FOR A WIFE.

Science Says You Would Better Se-
lect a Brunette.

The brunette is coming into her own.
Science says so.

Forget the mental picture of the blue-
eyed, golden-haired, peaches-and-cream
complexion maiden that every one at
some time between childhood and old age
has decided would be the ideal wife, says
the Arkansas Gazette.

Why, she has all sorts of drawbacks!
Just listen to what the European physi-
cians are saying about the blushing
blonde.

In the first place her lungs are liable
to be weak.

Blondes are far more prone to tuber-
culosis than are their swarther sisters,
the brunettes.

Dark women bear real disease and
live longer.

Again the blonde is more apt to have
any of the following ailments than is
the brunette: Rheumatism, melancholia,
general debility, anaemia and acrophia.
Think of that!

The blonde, science admits, is apt to
be gentler, prettier, better tempered,
more lovable than is the dark maiden.
Thus does she lure man's hearts to her
dainty feet.

But it is a danger signal. And it is
nature's way of keeping up the average,
by inducing strong men to marry fragile
women.

Blondes for beauty, brunettes for
brawn. Science says it. Maybe it is so.

The German Emperor's Daughter

Was married recently. The young and lovely princess was christened Princess Sunshine, because her father said "She is the sun-
shine of our home."

In this good land of ours we have no patented titles such as
are common to the countries across the sea, but we have a great
company of Royalists who, because of a sunny spirit and cour-
teous nature, fill homes and business places with sunshine. There
are many such in our business ranks waiting to say "Thank you"
and "Come again," as they cheerfully serve you.

Fencing Boards.....\$2.50 per 100 ft.
Fence Rails.....25c apiece
Fence Posts.....25c, 30c, and 35c apiece
Fence Palings, dressed.....\$2.25 per 100 ft.
Fence Pickets, dressed.....\$2.50 per 100 ft.

The Frank Libbey Lumber Co.,

6th and New York Ave. N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Court Gossip of Interesting Events on Two Continents

(Copyright, 1913, by A. D. Jacobson.)

The Russian Grand Duke, whose eccen-
tric freaks are the gossip of the courts
of Europe, could point to many a pre-
decessor of his blood who has been much
less sane than himself, from that most
savage of rulers, Ivan IV, called the
"terrible," to the first Alexander, son
and grandson of madmen on the throne.

Ivan the "Terrible," among his many
insane freaks, would let loose wild beasts
in the streets of his capital, Moscow, and
placidity say his prayers while watching
the slaughter of his people. Binding a
few coins to the mutilated survivors as
he rose from his knees. He would com-
pel parents to slay their children, and
children to kill one another, and if
there was a survivor "that amiable
monarch" would dispatch him with his
own hands, exploding with laughter at
so "excellent a joke." In one of his
lighter moods of frolic he commanded
the citizens of Moscow to provide him a
quart measure full of fleas, to be con-
cocted into a medicine, and fined them
1,000 rubles when they failed.

The intensity of Peter III took less
savage if more grotesque forms. His
ruling mania was for the pomp and cir-
cumstance of war, and one day he gave
orders that a hundred cannons should
be fired simultaneously so that he might
get some idea of the din of battle. On
other occasions he would rise from the
table and, glass in hand, prostrate him-
self before the portrait of Frederick the
Great of Prussia, exclaiming: "My
brother, we will conquer the universe
together."

Peter's son, the first Paul, was no less
insane than his father, although his
madness was longer in manifesting it-
self. So violent was his hatred of the
round hats, a fashion imported from
France, that one day he sent 20 police
and dragoons to scour the streets of St.
Petersburg and tear them from the heads
of all who wore them. He banished all
the calhans from his capital because one
of them was found with a pair of pistols
in his possession. Hundreds of his of-
ficers and courtiers were sent in chains
to Siberia for a glance or a word that
displeased him, many without any cause
other than the fact that they were near
him in his possession. Hundreds of his of-
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A soldier first, a member of the royal
family afterward. That is how King
George's uncle, the Duke of Connaught,
always wished to be regarded. He re-
sisted his military duties very seriously.
There is a story told of an occasion
when one night, at Aldershot, he walked
along the road through the camp, and
at all and he sent an entire regiment
on a 200-mile march, because in drill-
ing, it had failed to understand one of
his indistinct words of command.

It is characteristic of the dukes that
she takes the keenest interest in matters
relating to women, and has very decided
views on the subject of marriage.

"Women," she once said, "must be told
that marriage is not an end in itself,
but an opportunity for spending time
among men by making their homes hap-
pier for them."

No less popular than their parents are
Prince Arthur of Connaught, who does
most parts of the world. During her
travels she has had many humorous ex-
periences. Once, when in Egypt with
the duke, she had to be carried on an
improvised sedan-chair, for she was
unable to walk, and the duke, who was
certain amount as well. The Duchess
of Connaught, too, inherited a fair sum
from her parents, the late Prince and
Princess Frederick Karl of Prussia,
former being celebrated in the Franco-
German war as the "Red Prince," and a
famous warrior.

The duchess is one of the most-traveled
women for she has accompanied the duke
to most parts of the world. During her
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